

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

Curious Conceits of the Funny Men Seen and Described.

"speakin' o' snakes," said the grizzled old engineer, "seems to me it will be a good while yet before I'll forget the one that chased me and old 96 and Sam King, my fireman, down Big Foot grade, the year the blizzard of '13 blowed up and scattered Dan Piper and his fireman, Bill Jaeger, all the way through 'Stoom's' Cut. All snakes is curious, and some snakes is twice as curious as others, but this blacksnake that chased us down Big Foot that day was curi'ouser than all the other curious snakes put together.

"We had just cleared the summit to run down into Shin Holler, when this snake jumped out from the brush 'longside the track. He stood on his tail a minute—yes, on his tail. I wish Sam King wasn't dead, on his tail. I wish I could take you right to him, and he'd tell you the same. And as for blacksnakes standin' on their tails, why, that ain't no trick at all for 'em to do. Every schoolboy knows that, and I've read it in the papers lots of times, besides hearin' huckleberry pickers tell about it.

"The snake stood on his tail a minute, and he was so long that he almost poked the dome of old 96. And you ought to see the tongue he kept poking at me. He wouldn't more than three feet away from the end, and his tongue looked for all the world like one of those forks they give you to eat oysters off the shell with, only it was as red as the hind lamp on a caisson. I says to Sam:

"I guess we'd better get out o' this."

"Sam he thought so too, and I pulled the coil open, and down the hill we went. I thought, of course, that we could run right away from the snake, but when I looked out of the window, great Skeezix! there he was, joggin' along with us, and with his mind all made up, plain enough, to climb into that cab as soon as he could.

"A year or so after that I made the run down that grade at a gallop. I said I'd never cut out for myself again. I was a nervous sort of night that time, and I almost poked up a man at the summit. I forget that man's name, but he had been to a wedding back of the Holler somewhere. It seems that his sister wanted to marry a feller that wasn't just up to the mark, and the old folks wouldn't have it, but she—well, I forget just how it was, but this feller had to the wedding and got in the way of old 96 somehow, and we picked him up, and I was just makin' the old gal hum down the hill that night to get him to a doctor,

and I said to Sam that I'd never cut out such a gal again.

"But when I said that snake chasin' us, and bound to get into that cab, I tried to beat even that gal."

"I had pushed her up to forty mile an hour, and then the boys wouldn't take off another brake, and I had to skin along at that. I says to Sam:

"The only thing we can do is to just stand our ground and fight, if this serpent gets on to us."

"Sam said he thought so too. I had often heard my Uncle George Klimfinkle say that a blacksnake, when he is all ready, can spring at least twenty foot, right from the muscles of his tail. Kangaroos can do that, and why can't blacksnakes? They don't weigh one-tenth as much as a kangaroo, unless it might be this one I'm tellin' about, and I think it would take a good-sized kangaroo to weigh as much as he did. Anyhow, my Uncle George Klimfinkle said they'd do it, and that you can always tell when they were going to jump by their eyes beginnin' to bulge, and they keep on bulgin' until they stuck out half an inch or more, so I knowed jest what I'd do.

"I'll watch this rascallous chap's eyes, Sam," says I, "and if he gets ready to jump, I'll be ready for him."

"Sam said he thought that'd be quite a good idea, and I watched. By and by I saw his eyes begin to bulge. He was goin' along with us at the rate of forty mile an hour, on the tip of his tail, and I could see his hives bulgin' out. I says to Sam:

"Open the furnace door, Sam," I says, "and stand to one side."

"Sam done it. By and by the snake's eyes were bulgin' out half an inch, and I see that Uncle George Klimfinkle knewed what he was talkin' about, for the snake was gettin' ready to spring.

"And he sprung. I stepped aside. The snake had to duck his head to get into the cab, and he shot plumb kerseck into the open furnace, just as I had calculated he'd do, and he was goin' so fast that his head struck clean again the fur end of it. I clapped the door shut and four foot or more of him hung on the door.

"We clumped it off, and I took it and gave it to Uncle George Klimfinkle's little grandson. He had some ideas, the little feller, and he dried that section of snake, and I guess he's usin' it for a baseball bat yet," said the grizzled old engineer and the stove chimney rose.

At the Summer Hotel.

The new guest asked if the hop on Saturday night had been a success.

"The greatest ever," announced the proprietor with pride.

"But I saw only eight people dancing," the guest of the night said to the proprietor.

"What of that?" asked the proprietor.

"Weren't there more than 300 people watching from the piazzas?"

Putting Him to the Test.



Peregrine—How can you refuse such love as mine? You know I would gladly lay down my life for you.

Priscilla—Oh, well, if that's the case, I suppose I may as well let you ask panna for my hand.



Chances—Say, Manie, yer know I'd lay me whole life at yer feet, don't yer?

Manie—Yer'd best not, Chances. From what I heard yer sayin' ter that cross-eyed Bogom hussy last night, I might take it.

A Laudable Attempt.

"I wish I could keep that boy in check," said the state parent, as he signed another voucher for \$50.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.



FANCY.

Yes, indeed. Delightful vacation. I spent the entire time driving, y'know.

FUN OF THE COLLEGE BOYS.

Query.

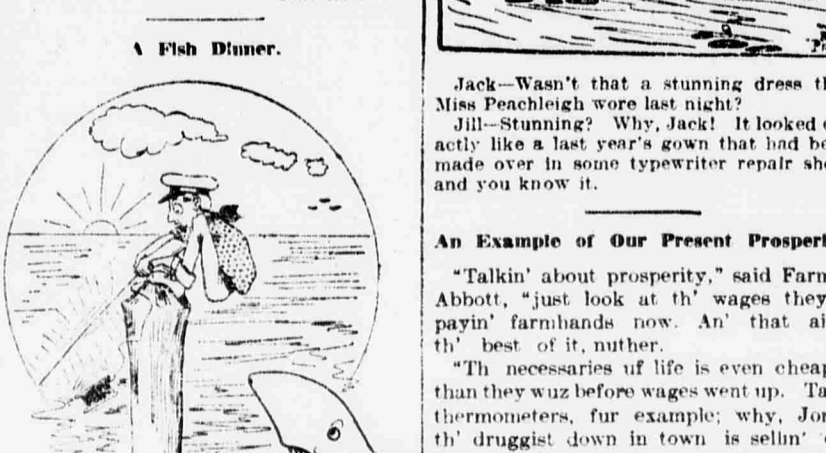
Can a man square himself by rounding up his debts?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

If It Wasn't Material, What Was It?

A cannibal monarch imperial kept his wives on a diet of cereal. But he didn't much care. What the women should wear. Nor did they; it was quite immaterial!—*Sphinx.*

The Reason Why.

Your speech is outlandish. Said Captain Miss Standish. To a sailor who cursed. But the sailor spoke thus. "Well—so it may be. But, then, we're at sea."—*Vale Record.*



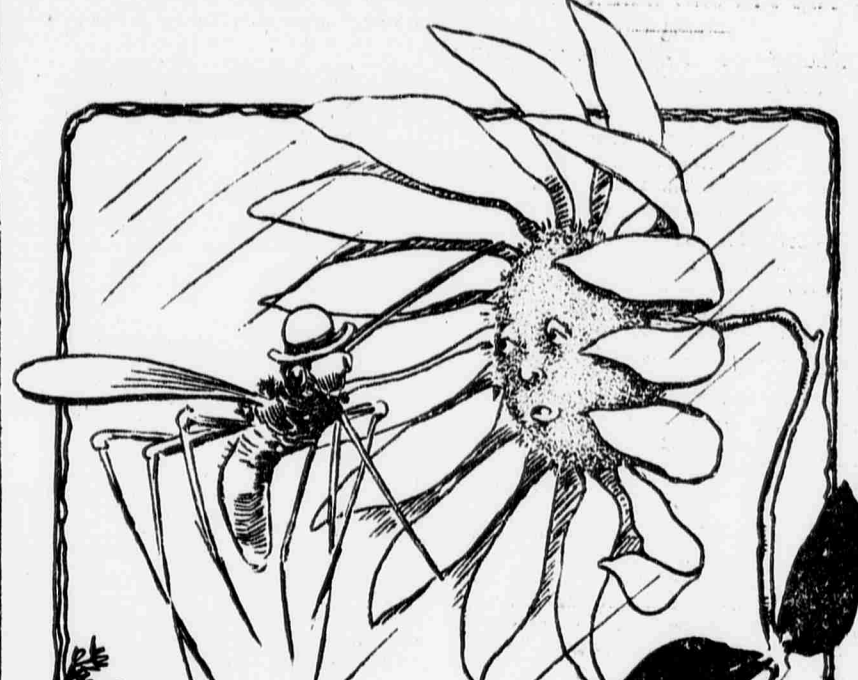
A Fish Dinner.

Charlie once said that there was nothing he liked better than a good fish dinner. This would have been rather conceited of Charlie had he known at the time that he himself was destined to be one.

A Natural Conclusion.

First Mucker—Say, Chummy, wot's pound-cake?

Second Mucker—Ah, g'wan—dog-biscuit, of course.—*Harvard Lampoon.*



ABU GHUZE TALE WITH A MORAL.

The Raines law of the insect world permits ordinary saloon flowers to sell honey on Sundays only. In order to dispense honey on Raindays a flower must qualify as a lodging plant with at least six bug leaves.

Not so very long ago the big bug of the insect police had reason to suspect that a certain sunflower with only five lodging leaves was doing a rushing side-petal business on Raindays. He called a plain-clothes mosquito to him and said:

"Say, Skeets, I want you to disguise yourself as a bumble bee. Get down to the Sunflower Inn just as fast as you can fly. Buzz around the side petals a bit and see if you can't worm your way in. If there's anything doing let me know. I'm going to have that plant pinched and broken up for good."

So Skeets, the fly cop, swelled himself up as much like a bumble bee as possible and flew down to the Sunflower Inn.

"Bloomin' weather," remarked Skeets to the honey dispenser.

"Oh, I don't know," the latter retorted, as he started to close his petals. "Pretty poor weather for blooming, it strikes me."

"Hold on," Skeets hastened to explain. "What I mean is, it's so cold, that—er—well, can't I get a sip of honey, or something to warm me up, y' know?"

"Not on Rainday. Besides, honey wouldn't do you any good when it's biting cold like this. Why don't you go up to the hotel there in just a minute—sixty seconds."

MORAL.

In a tight shut town there's not much show for a saloonkeeper that can't tell a confirmed sinner from a chronic sipper.

Factually.

In just a minute—sixty seconds.

THE FLIRTATION OF PRINCE FLORENZ.

Love Affair of an American Girl Who Did Not Believe in Fairy Tales.

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The train stopped short, with a vibratory jolting of car against car.

It was hot and still outside. There were no houses in view, only the sheer height of the mountain wall on either side of the track, towering up out of sight, with the train lying at the bottom of the gorge like a new species of giant serpent.

The sudden cessation of noise, after hours of rumbling, was startling.

"Is there an accident?"

Prince Florenz passed in his walk along the rough gravel roadbed and glanced up at the car window whence the voice had come. As he raised his head, he was conscious of an impression of beauty and vivid, sparkling life in the bright, girlish face that looked down on him.

"It is so beautiful, I think," he returned, "some of the most beautiful of a small land on the track above."

"It is so beautiful when you don't know what has happened, and the train stops short all at once," said the voice.

The Prince smiled and gazed thoughtfully ahead to where Haufenstein and the Colonel had vanished around the curve of the track on their hunt after the scene of trouble. Then he turned his tranquil blue eyes to the lovely pleasing contemplation of the face at the window.

"Aren't the mountains glorious?" She did not wait for him to answer, but leaned farther out of the window, and drew in a deep breath of enjoyment. "We must be right in the heart of the Rockies. Can you tell that flower—the red one, please?"

It was at the edge of the roadbed, where the close, tangled undergrowth came down and met the gravel. He picked it up and handed it to her. The face smiled down on him.

"It is so fresh and sweet and woody after the long, dusty trip," she said, gratefully.

He scanned the mountain side. One flower of one flower—how many for a whole bouquet. The bright scarlet showed here and there in tangles of flame among the dark green foliage.

He started after them quickly. It was hot and hard work, but he climbed higher and higher and gathered the red flowers, until the green masses closed upon him.

The girl grew tired of waiting, and leaned from the blinding sunlight that slanted into the gorge at noon.

"What is it, Nona?"

"Nothing, dear."

"Whom were you talking with?"

"Just a boy, motherkin."

Mrs. Devereux replaced the handkerchief over her face and went on with her nap in peace.

A warning shudder passed through the train, and the engine gave a short, sharp shriek. Winona glanced out of the window.

Two elderly men were coming on a trot around the curve. They did not look used to trotting, and she watched them anxiously as they swung up on the first steps that presented themselves, and the train moved on.

The red flower lay on her lap, and she glanced up at the aisle for the return of the boy with the blue eyes who had gone for more. Suddenly the train came to a second standstill and slowly backed through the gorge. They had gone about a mile and a half.

The conductor hurried through the car, followed by two elderly men. She caught a few words. The Prince was missing.

She glanced out of the window interestedly at the first stopping place came in sight. She had not even known there was a Prince aboard.

A tall, fair boy of 19 or 20 was seated comfortably in the shade of some scrub pine a short way up the mountain, and

he held a bunch of red flowers in his hand. She gave an exclamation of dismay as the train stopped short, and the elderly men shouted frantically to him in German.

There were interested faces at every window except one as he made his way down the steep, rocky path. He had gone back to her look. She was pink to the tips of her ears, and it appeared that she was not at all interested in the fate of Princes.

Five minutes later he came through the car, calm and with a certain youthful dignity that became him well under the scrutiny of the eyes of the passengers. He had gone back to her look. She was pink to the tips of her ears, and it appeared that she was not at all interested in the fate of Princes.

"There were better ones higher up," he said.

"I'm so sorry," Her eyes were full of contrition, with a mere trace of amusement. "I didn't know. You can find them growing all around Palo Alto."

Haufenstein and the Colonel were coming down the track. Florenz saw them and frowned slightly.

"Thank you," he said, with a last, long look of admiration at the face bending over the red flowers. "I may gather more at Palo Alto."

Palo Alto is merely a broad, flat crescent of shelving bench. A fringe of villas forms a line of separation between the shore and the low, rolling, barren hills inland. The hotel is the only commanding feature in the landscape. It is airy and picturesque and modern. The gardens are beautiful and the grounds are well kept. The hotel is a fine building, half Greek, half Spanish, connects it with the pretty miniature casino that stands on the water.

On the first veranda stood Haufenstein and the Colonel, watching a white chiffon parasol down on the peristyle promenade. The parasol that parasol had been the vanishing point of their speculations.

Daily it had sheltered Miss Devereux and the Prince from the eyes of the curious. Haufenstein and the Colonel were growing restive.

"I told him that our stay on the coast was short," said Haufenstein. "He said he would not be able to see San Francisco. He says he does not care for San Francisco, and that we would extend our holiday two weeks longer."

The Colonel frowned moodily.

"His Highness expects us in Heidelberg on the 22d."

Haufenstein sighed over a thick, black cigar that emitted rolls of murky smoke like a tugboat.

Florenz said he will explain the cause of the delay to his Highness personally."

The Colonel stared at the white parasol. He had filled more congenial posts and made his life in his own hands. He was a guardian of an heir-apparent on his first tour of the world.

Preparatory to the start the privy council, presided over by his Highness, Otto of Edelburg, had provided for all emergencies and contingencies which might be encountered. The American girl, he felt, was provided for as a quantity dangerous in the concrete to the heir-apparent on his first tour of the world.

The girl was missing. He was a connoisseur of national type. The Colonel was willing to grant that the Prince had royal taste, but if he were actually in love with her there was no telling what crisis might occur in the line of hereditary succession of the reigning house of Edelburg. Such things had been.

"There is Elfrieda."

The Colonel's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. He had forgotten Elfrieda.

"No, no," the American girl said. "Elfrieda is the daughter of the Duke of Edelburg. She is married as soon as we return. And you might add that the heir-apparent is not expected to fall in love with an alien. Theoretically, he is not in love with any one."

"Except Elfrieda?" Light was dawning on Haufenstein, and he smiled.

"The Colonel blew a pale, wavering chain of smoke rings toward the white chiffon parasol. "Fight fire with fire."

"Fight a said Haufenstein, almost tenderly, "you are great."

"I have fought fire," said the Colonel, and the two smoked in silence and watched the white chiffon parasol, as it moved leisurely toward the casino.

It was after dinner that evening. Winona stood in the parlor of the hotel. She held a card in her hand and glanced anxiously

from it to the short, stout, elderly gentleman who awaited her.

"You wished to speak with me, Baron Haufenstein?"

The Baron smiled deprecatingly. The small, waxed tips of his black mustache pointed straight upward when he smiled. He looked like an inverted question mark.

"A matter concerning his Highness, Prince Florenz. I have the honor to be his Highness's guardian, so to speak, on his present tour."

Winona's eyebrows rose ever so slightly. "Then why don't you speak to his Highness?"

"Ah, Miss Devereux," Haufenstein's plump hands flapped the air despairingly. "His Highness is of the opinion that he is an infant. He has no comprehension of the necessity of the consideration of the responsibility of his position."

He drew a large creamy yard of white silk from his waistcoat and wiped his brow exhaustedly. Miss Devereux smiled encouragingly.

"How interesting," she murmured, and the Baron sank to deep water.

"He is to make the extensive tour of the world before his marriage. We can go no farther. His Highness will not go."

"Why not?"

"His tone sank solemnly as he bent toward her.

"There was a pause. Winona's hazel eyes sparkled with mischief.

"And won't you let him fall in love if he wants to?"

Haufenstein rose to the surface and took deep breath.

"He must not fall in love, theoretically speaking. He wished Ströbach had it to do himself. Her eyes were glorious. Theoretically speaking, of course, the heir-apparent of Edelburg, he has already fallen in love, because he is betrothed to his cousin, the Archduchess Elfrieda."

"Oh, yes. The Archduchess is an infant, too?"

"She is 29."

"Yes?" Her tone was sympathetic. "How long has the Prince been in love with her—theoretically?"

The Baron moved uneasily.

"He was betrothed to her before the Prince left for England, six years ago."

"Well, don't you think, if this is so well settled, perhaps there is no cause for worry. Couldn't a Prince have even a flirtation, or is that against the laws of Edelburg?"

Haufenstein glanced up hastily. No, she was not laughing. Her face was expressive of the deepest gravity and earnestness, and he answered confidentially.

"It is not a flirtation. He is but a boy, and he stands lip-on to the laws of Edelburg. One step, and either he can never be Prince again, or else, whom he loved could be Prince. Only those of the blood royal can be Princes."

"But if he loved her, he could—"

The Baron bowed stiffly and finished it off with a cough.

"He could give up his claim and rights to the throne and become an American citizen."

Mrs. Devereux rose from her chair. She was much taller than the Baron. The Baron looked up at her half regretfully.

In her dinner gown of white chiffon and lace, with a single rope of pearls round her throat, she would have made a fairer Princess than the one which Edelburg had in view.

"I don't know," he said, "but I am a boy. It is a cursed State affair that does not matter."

He bent over her recklessly.

"Elfrieda, look at me. Elfrieda expects to marry the heir-apparent. It does not matter in the least to her who the heir-apparent happens to be."

"Winona looked away from him. There was a certain masterfulness and dignity about this tall, blond boy that was disconcerting."

"Does matter to the heir-apparent?" she asked, half in jest.

His arms closed around her suddenly. "I don't give a rap," he said.

Up among the palms at the hotel a mandolin orchestra was playing a gay comic opera air. She wondered if Haufenstein and the Colonel had heard it.

The safe return of the Prince from the brink of the chasm.

"I won't go back to Edelburg," There was a note of defiance in his voice. "I love you and intend marrying you, even if all Europe stood behind Edelburg and said, 'No!'"

For an instant the fate of Edelburg tottered. She closed her eyes to keep back the sight of his face, and drew away from his arms.

"It is to be only a flirtation, your Highness will remember. She tried to speak lightly. He could not see her eyes, nor the tell-tale pain in them. "It always seems so comical to call you that—your Highness you know."

"You ought to be Tom, or Jack, or something like a real boy. One forgets the highest of some times. She tried to speak lightly. He could not see her eyes, nor the tell-tale pain in them. "It always seems so comical to call you that—your Highness you know."

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JOE, THE JUNGLE BOY.

Being the Adventures of a Boy Who Was Carried Off by Gorillas.

CHAPTER VI.

After I had been with the gorillas three or four days they appeared to accept me as one of the family, and no longer watched me for fear I should run away.

There were just fifteen of the beasts, and they dwelt together in the greatest good nature. They had no fear of anything in the forest, and if an elephant, rhinoceros or buffalo came near our home he was attacked at once and put to flight.

My first adventure occurred within a week, and I had a narrow escape from death. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and we were all asleep in our beds, when I suddenly awoke to find a monstrous serpent in the tree with me.

His head was not ten feet away when I sat up, and in another moment he would have bitten me. I had seen all kinds of snakes, and knew this one to be an anaconda.

I did not call out or rise to my feet, but simply threw myself over the edge of the bed and went running to the ground, twenty feet below. The serpent darted at me as I fell, but I was too quick for him.

The noise of my fall awoke the gorillas, and as soon as they saw the snake there was the greatest excitement. Their scolding and chattering and screaming could have been heard a mile away.

Each beast armed himself with a club, and they began to terrify the anaconda. I stood at a safe distance and looked on.

The serpent at first tried to get away, but when he found he could not he took two or three turns around a big limb and made ready to fight. The gorillas did not rush in on him at once, but got above and below and all around him. When he struck at one, others would be ready to hit him.

The fight lasted half an hour. The serpent was hissing and striking and keeping the gorillas off, when they suddenly bounded in with screams and shrieks and battered him with their clubs until he fell to the ground a helpless mass.

Then they came down to me to see if I was hurt, and when they found that I was all right they frisked around and appeared to be highly pleased. It was well for me that I awoke when I did. The anaconda had faded away an inch long, and would have killed me if he had bitten me.

After the serpent had been killed the gorillas came to me in a triumphal club and we went prowling through the forest for a mile around to see if the anaconda had a mate in hiding anywhere.

We looked upon the trees and into the thickets and vines, and kept up the search for two hours, but nothing came of it. The serpent they had killed had probably come a long distance, and alone.

Every night we could hear lions roaring, and sometimes the beasts came walking under the trees in an angry mood. They made the gorillas very nervous, and they would shriek and scream and break off branches and throw them down. They were not afraid of the lions, but they would not descend to the ground to battle in the darkness.